

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, lie starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue memy Horle, you rogues, Giue me my Horle, and be hangd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Zbloud, lie not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horle, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be rane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my payson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauern.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What? a coward Sir *John Pannch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John* of *Gant* our Gran yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poines.* Sirra *Jack*, thy horle stands behind thee, thou needest him, there thou shalt find him, far.

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be h

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poines.* Heere hard by stand close.

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man be his do man to his busines.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbor, the boy shall lead our the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Iesus blef

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villain horefon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours fo

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vnd chuffes, I would your store were heere: on back ye knaues? yong men must liue, you are grand weele iure ye yfaith.

*Heere they rob them and bind them;*

*the Prince, and Poines.*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true m thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to be argument for a weeke, laughter for a mon iest for euer.

*Poines.* Stand close, I heare them comming

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, let vs share, and th fore day: and the *Prince* & *Poines* be not two a theres no equity stirring, ther's no more valo than in a wild Ducke.